

¹⁸ No maiming SPANIARD ever reach'd this Shore,

No pois'ning *Stepdame*; here the Surge flows free

¹⁹ From th'incroaching BELGIAN's Pirate-car,

Who plunders of her Stores the BRITISH Sea.

Here only ye, of Patriots best and last,

('Tis what the Muse prophetic doth divine)

May live, untainted by ²⁰Corruption's Blast,

²¹ Safe from the Influence of a Star malign.

²² Th'indulgent Care of Heav'n, these distant Climes,

Has from the World disparted for a bold,

A Virtuous Tribe, e'er since the Iron Times,

Foul Change, degenerated into Gold!

*Non huc Argos contendit remige pinus,*¹⁸

Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem:

Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,

¹⁹ *Laboriosa nec cohors Ulyssæi.*

²⁰ *Nulla nocent pecori contagia,* ²¹ *nullius astri*

Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.

²² *Jupiter illa piæ secrevit littora genti,*

Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum:

Ære, dehinc ferro duravit sæcula: quorum

Piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

FINIS.

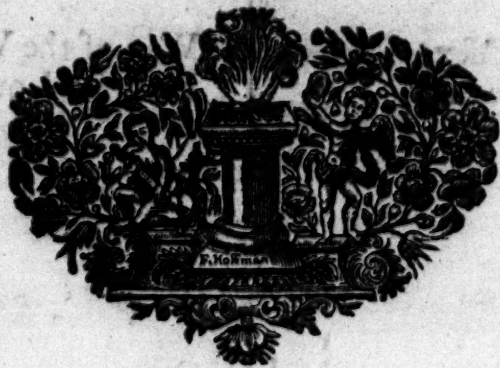


1490. f 12.

THE
COMPLAINT
OF
JOB.

A
POEM.

Man that is born of a Woman, is of few Days, and full of Trouble.
JOB, chap. xiv. ver. i.



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TO THE

Meek in Spirit.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am conscious that I am guilty of a very precipitate Rudeness, in offering this publick Violence to your Modesties, without having first solicited a-la-mode for your Permission to offend you.

That innate Goodness, which is in so peculiar a manner your own, I know would immediately grant me a Pardon; but I hope you won't think I lie under any necessity of applying myself there, when I assure you that it was positively out of my power to act otherwise than I do; for tho', like your old Familiars, Content and Resignation, you are very much talk'd of, yet, I flatter myself, that I'm in no danger of displeasing you, if I venture to say, you are very little known. I have often made the strictest Enquiries, where I might have the Honour of paying you my Devoirs; but never yet could be so fortunate, as to find a Guide to that Happiness: which makes me very apprehensive, that no Place of my Acquaintance has any just Claim to boast of your Residence. There are indeed some demure Rascals amongst us, who have Impudence enough to personate you; and as Folly is the
Growth

Growth of all Countries, there are others, who are Fools enough to believe 'em: but as I never could observe any thing but Dullness and Insensibility in their Behaviour, their assuming your Names could never betray me to imagine, that any Part of your Characters belong'd to them. Wherefore, since it was not want of Respect, but only my Ignorance where to pay it, that occasions this Breach of Good-manners, I hope the necessity of my Fault will entitle it to the Favour of being overlook'd, and that you won't refuse your Patronage to the following Representation of your illustrious Predecessor in Meekness: nor indeed can I believe you will deny my Request, when I consider, that by granting your Protection to the following little Picture of his Patience, you'll have so fine an Opportunity of showing the Greatness of your own.

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

With the most profound Veneration,

Your Obedient Humble Servant.



T H E
COMPLAINT of 70 B.

OH! that the Voice of Grief had Pow'r to raise
From Time's dark Grave those dear remembred Days! Cap.xxix.
V. 2.
Those roseate Hours! those Moments of Delight!
Which once around me wing'd their happy Flight,
And whose soft Pinions plum'd alone for Joy,
Ne'er knew the heavy Burden of a Sigh.
His golden Viol then th' Almighty shed, V. 3.
And circling Blessings diadem'd my Head.
The lambent Glories beam'd celestial Day,
Dispers'd the Darknes, and illum'd my Way:
Of watchful *Seraphim* a smiling Train, V. 4.
Fann'd the bright Air, and skimm'd the laughing Plain;
Each Avenue with heavenly Caution barr'd,
By Day my Succour, and by Night my Guard.
Where-e'er I turn'd, Success, divinely gay, V. 6.
Profus'd her Sweets o'er all my happy way;
From her high Rocks spontaneous pour'd her Oil,
And gave me Plenty uncompell'd by Toil.
And Oh! to crown the Soul-enchanting Scene, V. 5.
My blooming Offspring, flourishing and green,
Round me, their Fountain, like young Olives stood,
Pride of my Eyes, and Glory of my Blood.
When to the Gates I pass'd the croud'd Street, V. 7.
To grace, as Arbiter, the Judgment-Seat,

- Ver. 8. Smit with the Awe to sacred Virtue due,
 The conscious Youth with Reverence withdrew ;
 The Aged rose, they whom revolving Years
 Had crown'd with Wisdom, as with silver Hairs,
 Stood up, in homage of superior Worth,
 And hail'd th' auspicious Hour that gave me Birth.
- V. 9. Princes, the affluent Lords of wide Domains,
 Innumerable Herds and fertile Plains,
 When I approach'd, their Converse would suspend,
 And bare their honour'd Heads, and lowly bend.
 The Nobles too refrain'd from talk, and each
 With awful Silence barr'd the Doors of Speech.
- V. 10. The Eye, at sight of me, would swift impart
 Tumultuous Raptures to the flutt'ring Heart,
 Whence rallying all its Force th' insatiate Gaze
 With visual Transport seem'd to look my Praise ;
 But when I spake ! —th' ignobler Sense it's Charms
 Forgot, and hush'd in sweet Attention's Arms ;
 On ev'ry Word with eager Fondness hung,
 And the Ear blest'd the Musick of my Tongue.
- V. 22, 23. As when kind Clouds indulge the latter Rain,
 And pour salubrious o'er the languid Grain,
 New-springing Glee rebrightens Nature's Eye,
 And all the laughing Valleys shout for Joy.
 Ev'n such the Joy, which seiz'd the list'ning Throng,
 When from the Source of my mellifluous Tongue,
 As much expected, and as much implor'd,
 The Streams of Wisdom irresistibly pour'd.
 Nor wonder'd Fame ! that with such sweet Controul,
 My Soul-subduing Eloquence should roll ;
 For wheresoe'er it took it's freshful Course
 In kind Direction of it's willing Force,

Fair Truth, the lovely Empress of my Breast,
 In all her Virgin Charms divinely drest,
 O'er the bright Current like a *Seraph* rode,
 And taught th' obedient Words the Ways of God.
 I pleaded not my own, but Virtue's Cause,
 And Virtue courts not, but compels Applause.

Ver. 12.

To me the Helpless cry'd, nor cry'd in vain;
 I righted those, none else would hear complain;
 In me the Orphan found a Father's Care,
 And smil'd, (by me protected,) at Despair.

V. 16.

The pining Wretch, Death's long-expected Prey,
 From his fell Jaws my Mercy snatch'd away;
 For me, to Heav'n their grateful Prayers were sent,
 And the Poor blest'd me wherefoe'er I went.

V. 13.

With tender Pity, conjugally kind,
 I eas'd the Burden of the Widow's Mind,
 Bade chearful Comfort wipe her watry Eye,
 And taught her sorrowing Heart the Song of Joy.
 My Eyes the Blind, my Feet the Lame supply'd,
 And Acts of Mercy were my only Pride:

V. 15.

To right the Injur'd and relieve th' Opprest,
 With joyful Vigilance, with sweet Unrest,
 Thro' ev'ry Maze the hidden Crime I sought,
 And secret Sins to open Judgment brought;
 Broke the tyrannick Jaws of lawless Sway,
 And rescu'd from it's Teeth the trembling Prey.

V. 16.

Then sure, said I, by all-rewarding Heav'n,
 To persevering Righteousness is giv'n,
 Still Phoenix-like to multiply it's Days,
 And long to bask in Mercy's chearing Rays;
 Increasing Years will but increase my Joy,
 And I in my own Nest in Peace shall die.

V. 17.

Truth,

V. 13.

Truth, like a Diadem, my Temples bound,
 And like a Robe fair Justice wrapt me round.
 By God's Right-Hand exalted thus on high,
 Like some Meridian Sun in Glory's Sky,
 On all beneath I round diffus'd my Rays,
 A Guide for all to walk in Virtue's Ways.
 The neighb'ring Realms aloud proclaim'd my Fame,
 And blest'd the Tongue which could pronounce my Name;
 Till even Envy at the Rapture fir'd,
 For once the Virtue, which she curs'd, admir'd.
 By Heav'n renerv'd, my circling Bow I drew,
 Swift to a vengeful Orb my Crescent grew;
 Rapines, and Murders, by ten thousands fled,
 And coward Slander hid his guilty Head;
 No artful Malice in it's close Disguise,
 Nor gaudy Error e'er cou'd cheat my Eyes;
 By their own Light I still reveal'd the Just,
 And rais'd neglected Merit from the Dust;
 Her long-lost Throne glad Innocence resum'd,
 And Virtue's Defart once again rebloom'd.

Ver. 14.

Firm as a Cedar, eminent I stood,
 Tow'ring aloft o'er all th' ignobler Wood;
 High as in Air I wav'd my branching Head,
 So deep in Earth my fix'd Foundation spread;
 A Stream, whose fertile Waves embrac'd my side,
 Prolific Nurture to my Root supply'd;
 The rosy Morn it's pearly Blessings shed,
 And fresh'd th' aspiring Honours of my Head.
 Thus, great to grow, and flourish long was giv'n,
 But swift to fall, the Will of righteous Heav'n!
 On Wings of Lightning my Destruction came,
 Th' impetuous Shock my venerable Frame

With

With wide Indention wounds, my Branches all
 Swift from my Trunk in wild Confusion fall;
 My Honours vanish in th' unpitying Skies,
 And down my Glory sunk, no more to rise!
 Now a mean Stock, despis'd, I load the Ground,
 With many a dreadful Chasm, and horrid Wound
 Replete, the Mark of Heaven's mysterious ways,
 Its Power to humble, as its Power to raise.

How am I fall'n! to what a grov'ling Fate!
 O Change deplorable! revers'd Estate!
 I, who but late, in Pomp so bright appear'd,
 With Extasy beheld, with Rapture heard;
 Whom Princes honour'd, whom rever'd the Wise,
 Am now the scorn of wretched beardless Boys,
 Whose abject Fathers I'd not have prefer'd,
 T'have fed the nobler Dogs that fenc'd my Herd:
 A famish'd, meagre, miserable Race,
 Opprest with Want, and branded with Disgrace;
 So foul of Manners, and debauch'd of Mind,
 As drove them from the Commerce of Mankind:
 For Food, they anxious fought the barren Waste,
 Dry Roots and Mallows were a rich Repast.
 Thro' Caves and Valleys of the Earth they stray'd,
 Brouz'd on the Brambles, and like Affes bray'd:
 Villains unfought for, but to lash their Crimes,
 The worst that burden'd Earth, or curst the Times.

Cap. xxx.
 V. 1.

V. 3.

V. 5.

V. 4.

V. 6.

Ver. 8.

V. 9.

Yet these are they that load my Soul with Wrongs,
 And tune to my sad Groans their cruel Songs;
 With bitter Taunts my Sufferings deride,
 My Grief their Joy, and Indigence their Pride;
 Fix me the Butt of Shame and foul Disgrace,
 Nor spare to spit upon my aged Face.

V. 10, &c.

C

Since

Since from my hands thy Power hath snatch'd the **Reins**,
 No check their loose unbridled Rage restrains.
 Behold! they cry, that Abject on the Ground!
 And view the Man for Justice so renown'd!
 See! the Rewards of spotless Innocence!
 Then—paint the Joys of Sin, and Sweets of Sense;
 With impious Rhetorick, studious to entice
 My Soul from Virtue's Paths to those of Vice;
 Ver. 14. As when some mighty Torrent's swelling Force
 Bursts the strong Mounds, restrain'd its rapid **Course**,
 The rolling Ruin rusheth forth amain,
 And with resistless Fury whelms impetuous o'er the **Plain**:
 With equal Rage to drown my sinking Soul,
 Th' Apostate Floods of curst Blasphemings roll.
 V. 18. Detested Ulcers crust my burning Pores,
 And painful Boils, and suppurating Sores;
 My Garment clotted with the loathsome Stain,
 Grinds on my Bones, and aggravates my Pain:
 V. 28, 29, Disconsolate, I haunt the dismal Shade,
 30, & 31. The Shade more dismal by my Sorrows made;
 With Birds obscene associate, and decline
 The rosy Blush of Morn and Noon-Tide shine:
 To some foul Den unobvious skulk away,
 And hate the Eye of Man, and Eye of Day.
 Where's now the sprightly Harp, and swelling Voice,
 Which late to entertain me wou'd rejoice?
 No Sounds harmonious greet these vile Abodes,
 The Hiss of Adders, and the Croak of Toads,
 Fill the sad Interval betwixt my Moans;
 But lose themselves in my lamenting Groans.
 The speckled Snake my spotted Corse surveys,
 His sparkling Eyes import his wild Amaze:

Serpents in winding Volves at distance roll,
And seem to wonder at a thing so foul.

O God! Are these the Scenes allotted those,
Who tread thy Paths? their Recompence, these Woes?

C. xvi.
v. 17.

Yet were these all my Woes, I then shou'd be
So happy, I shou'd smile in Agony!

Chill'd with Amaze, before me I survey

V. 15.

Thy banded Terrors rang'd in black Array:

Horrors on Horrors all my Powers controul,

C. xix.
v. 11, 12.

And stiffen with Despair my frightened Soul.

C. x. v.
16.

Or if kind Hope imparts a glimmering Ray,

And a faint Promise gives of future Day;

Swift as the Winds the fleeting Clouds pursue,

The abortive Blessings vanish from my View.

Ye Shades of Night, ye Shades of Death arise,

And bar these dreadful Terrors from my Eyes!

The Shades of Death, compar'd to these, are none,

But bright and piercing as the Mid-day Sun.

Dark as he is, Death like a flaming Light,

Wou'd more reveal them, or with wild Affright

Wou'd fly them, as the Sun th' Approach of Night.

Help, help, my God! for thou alone can'st tell,

To dissipate this horrid Gloom of Hell;

Break with consummate Splendor on my fight,

And cheer my Soul with thy reviving Light.

To thee, in Prayer, I lift my streaming Eyes,

To thee, my suppliant Hands for ever rise!

My suppliant Hands no foul Injustice stains,

C. xvi.
v. 17.

Nor Thought impure, my hallow'd Prayer profanes.

Yet, O regardless of my sad Complaint,

My Tears nor move thee, nor my Prayers relent;

Thy

- C. xxx. Thy keen, thy cruel Arrows still me dart,
 v. 21. Transfix my Reins, and rankle in my Heart.
 C. xvii. Foul is my Face, corrupted is my Breath,
 v. 1. And my Eyes darken with the Shade of Death:
 C. xvi. Black is my Skin, with fœtid Wounds replete,
 v. 16. And my parch'd Entrails burn with painful Heat.
 C. xvii. All the Day long the tedious Hours I mourn,
 v. 7. And often with the filent Night's Return.
 C. vii. v. 4. Happ'ly my weeping Eyes, weary'd with Woes,
 v. 13, 14, 15. The filken Cords of downy Sleep may close;
 The filent Night returns, but Sleep denies
 Her filken Cords to close my weary'd Eyes.
 O Sleep! how blest the Wretch thy balmy Wings
 Mounts to like Happiness with greatest Kings;
 Life of the Mis'erable, of Grief the Tomb,
 But not of mine---if chance, a slumbring Gloom
 Spreads o'er my Eyes, terrific Visions glare,
 And Dreams tremendous shake my Soul with Fear.
 C. x. v. 8. In Mercy cease the Pangs, which rack my Frame;
 v. 10, 11, 12. Remember, oh! thou mad'st me what I am.
 Thou pour'dst me out like Milk--at thy Command
 The obedient Parts unite--thy forming Hand
 To bony Firmness press'd the yielding Clod,
 The vital Stream in winding Ducts bestow'd
 Thro' all the curious Limbs a sanguinary Flood.
 The curious Limbs compliant Sinews bound,
 And a fair Robe of Flesh inwrapt them round.
 Nor there thy gracious Goodness ceas'd, but threw
 O'er that the Lawn-like Skin of lovely Hue;
 And last to crown the wondrous Whole didst give
 Th' immortal Spirit, and bad the Fabrick live.

Defac'd with bloating Biles, with Anguish tir'd,
 Form'd by thy Hands, and by thy Breath inspir'd;
 An Abjeſt in the Duſt, behold I lie!
 And view thy Creature with a pitying Eye:

When glad Proſperity, and ſmiling Joy,
 Upbore my riſing Feet, and plac'd me high,
 Ah! wept not I, for him depreſs'd with Woe,
 Griev'd not my Soul to ſee the wretched Low?
 But now, that I'm depreſs'd, oh! hard Return!
 I look for Pity, but I meet with Scorn:
 No bright'ning Tears; bewet a pitying Eye,
 Nor heaving Breſt expires a ſocial Sigh.
 Ev'n thoſe, with whom, in Friendſhip's ſacred Band,
 I link'd; whoſe Hearts I deem'd were in my Hand;
 Whoſe healing Words ſhould give my Mind Relief,
 With bitter Taunts but aggravate my Grief:
 Treach'rous as Streams congeal'd and hid by Snow,
 That like firm Ground to the lone Trav'ler ſhew;
 He, o'er the latent Miſchief takes his Way,
 Too late his ſinking Feet his Fate betray;
 Plung'd in th' unfaithful Froſt, he helpleſs lies,
 And ſtiff'ning with its icy Rigour dies.
 Bred by one Father, of one Mother born,
 My Brethren treat me with Rebukes and Scorn;
 Too weak the Ties of Blood and Nature prove,
 To hold ev'n tender Pity---where's the Love,
 The cordial Care, which to a Brother due,
 Ev'n my Grief flatter'd me to find in you?
 Brethren have Pity, pity me, O Friends,
 And kindly eaſe his Woes, whom Miſ'ry bends;
 Or if you will not in the Burthen ſhare,
 At leaſt, oh add not to the Weight I bear!

C. xxx.

V. 25.

V. 26.

C. xix.

V. 19.

C. vi.

V. 15, 16,
&c.

C. ix. v.

13.

C. xix. v.

21.

See thro' m' indented Flesh my tortur'd Bones,
 And hear a Friend's, oh hear a Brother's Groans!
 V. 22. 'Tis God, --- 'tis God's right Hand the dreadful Blow
 Inflicts, and measures me this World of Woe;
 Shall Mortals then, presume th' avenging Rod
 To wrest, and urge the Chastizement of God?
 Oh! was my Misery yours, and your Repose
 Was mine, would I thus aggravate your Woes?
 No, to your Grief, with Grief, I would reply,
 Weep Tear for Tear, and to your Sighs, sigh
 Aut ah, in vain, I for Compassion move
 Breasts steel'd by Cruelty, and unbent by Love!
 The Rock unmov'd, the lashing Tempest bears,
 So do their flinty Hearts my flowing Tears.
 My Wife too---oh!--but be she from my Thought---
 Oh that her Crime cou'd ever be forgot!
 But 'twill not be---sure 'twas the impious Cry
 Of Fiends, that bid me curse my God and die.
 C. i. v. 4, Dead are my Children all---not one is left,
 5, 10, 19. Oh! where was Mercy then! of all bereft
 At one stupendous Stroke, no Tears can flow
 With filial Piety to sooth my Woe:
 Plung'd in Eternity, tremendous Thought!
 When the shrill Musick, and the chearful Draught,
 Adjourn'd the meditative Mood, the Sound
 Of Citterns prompted to the sprightly Bound;
 Then, in the midst of Revelling and Joy,
 When Virtue sinks, and rebel Nature's high,
 Then, in a Moment, to be snatch'd away,
 " With all their Sins blown broad, and flush as *May*;
 No Time for Pray'rs attoning Incense giv'n,
 Or Preparation to account with Heav'n.

Horrible

Horrible Circumstance!—but Mercy sure,
 Tho' Ruin triumph'd o'er that fated Hour,
 Would not deny the Comfort of her Ray,
 To the Soul trembling o'er its lifeless Clay.
 Oh! that by pitying Heav'n I might be blest,
 With the all-gracious Grant of one Request;
 Ev'n that the Hand of God's destroying Power,
 My Bands of Being wou'd loose, to join no more!
 Why shou'd detested Light his Portion be,
 Whose length of Life is length of Misery?
 Who longs the dreary Grave his Griefs shou'd hold,
 And digs for Death more joyous than for Gold?
 Oh! from the dark Recesses of the Womb
 Had I immediate drop'd into the Tomb,
 No hated Hands had drag'd me trembling forth,
 To curse their Office at my fatal Birth;
 No Knees had hush'd my sad presaging Cries,
 Nor fost'ring Bosom given my Life Supplies.
 Then, shelter'd by the Grave's protecting Night,
 These dreadful Scenes had never shock'd my Sight:
 There finds the Captive undisturb'd Repose,
 No Chains to gall him, nor afflict him Woes;
 Nor the proud Victor, who impos'd his Chains,
 Next him to press th' unenvy'd Earth disdains.
 No fear of impious Tyranny alarms
 The Wretch, in Death's cold, comfortable Arms;
 The Small, the Great, th' Oppressor, and th' Opprest,
 Are lull'd by one eternal Hush to Rest:
 Kings from their Cares there find a soft Retreat,
 And peaceful Slumber the Ambitious Great.
 O blissful Death! that such Repose canst give
 To sad Distress! ah! wherefore do I live?

C. xiv. v.
 13.

C. x. v.
 18, 19.
 C. vi. v. 8,
 9, 10.

Why are these Eyes constrain'd to view the Light,
 These Eyes that ake, and roll for endless Night?
 Or why respire this animating Breath,
 That with Impatience strongly pants for Death?
 Wretch that I am, a Prey to endless Cares,
 My Sighs my Food are, and my Drink my Tears.
 C. iii. Sink in Destruction, ne'er to be retriev'd,
 The dreadful Night, in which I was conceiv'd!
 And baleful Curses blast the hated Morn,
 Whose ill-tim'd Shouts proclaim'd a Man-child born:
 Oh! Darknefs all be that unhappy Day,
 Nor ever chear'd by one enliv'ning Ray;
 But o'er its guilty Face deep veil'd with Shade,
 Let ghastly Death in dreadful Pomp array'd,
 Ride on the horrid Wings of baleful Night,
 And stain with Terrors may e'en itself affright.
 As for that Night---let one impervious Blot
 Of thick substantial Darknefs be its Lot;
 Much may it hope the chearful Dawn to find,
 But by eternal Barriers be disjoin'd;
 No glowing *Hesper* usher in the Morn,
 Nor waxing Moon renew her Silver Horn:
 But let dire Sounds afflict the tortur'd Air,
 And Shrieks and Curses, horrible to hear,
 And dismal Howls and Yellings of Despair;
 Curs'd be it ever, that it gave me Breath,
 Nor barr'd the Doors of Life, and gave me Death.
 But to what Rage my Mind distemper'd tends?
 And what are these?---oh Heav'n! a Crowd of Fiends
 Surround me---save me, save me, oh my God!
 The Fiends discomfit---to their curs'd Abode:

Hurl

Hurl them with headlong plunge---their Rage controul,
 And beam in Mercy on my trembling Soul.
 However long my Miseries I bear,
 Save me from Sin, and save me from Despair.

In virtuous Innocence a Joy is left,
 Of Children, Fortunes, Health, and Ease bereft;
 Bereft of Children, Fortunes, Health, and Rest,
 Still in my God I am profusely blest.
 No Length of Time, or Ills, shall e'er remove
 The strong Impressions of thy deep-fix'd Love;
 Thy Mercy to thy Justice gives a pause,
 Or wipes away the Tears thy Justice cause;
 Softens th' intended Rigour of the Blow,
 Or else with patience lenifies our Woe.
 By thee my Wealth and Honours were conferr'd,
 By thee recall'd---to murmur, were absurd!
 Whilst Breath shall animate this drooping Frame,
 Still shall that Breath resound thy glorious Name.
 Let Woe succeed to Woe, and Misery
 On Mis'ry heap, still will I sing of thee;
 Thy Majesty and Might shall lead the Song,
 Thy Truth and Justice shall the Notes prolong.
 Tho' soon I shall resign this transient Breath,
 And fall obedient to the stroke of Death;
 I know my great Redeemer's strong right Arm
 Shall the grim Tyrant of his Force disarm:
 Him, circled round with Flames, the bending Skies
 Shall give to view of my insatiate Eyes.
 For tho' this Flesh shall be of Worms the Prey,
 And moulder in the silent Grave away,
 Uprais'd, uplifted, by the Power of God,
 My Flesh renew'd shall spurn its vile Abode;

C. i. v. 21.

C. xiii. v.
15.

E

Then